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THREE WAR SKETCHES

HER STORY
THE MARCH OF TRUTH
"HATRED"

BY
KATHARINE SEARLE

50 Cents

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THE MARCH OF TRUTH

"HATRED"

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The Powell Printing Company
Cambridge, Mass.
1916

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MAR 30 1916

no. 1.

INTRODUCTION

These sketches do not argue the principles of war and peace. They are merely impressions.

The "March of Truth," was suggested in August, 1914, when the news came that the Social Democrats in Germany had joined the colors, after preaching against armaments and war for I do not know how many years. I believe the only man who did not desert his standard was the leader, Liebknecht. We all wonder what must be the feelings of the Social Democrats as they wait through the dreary *months* in the trenches, or are urged forward into the torture of the battle-field where death is the only welcome friend. I have here tried to imagine what one has felt. From what I have been able to read,—the documents are scanty enough as yet,—I believe I am not wrong.

The other two sketches will, I hope, explain themselves.

TO

M. T. G.

Her Story

CAST

Miss Marston: *Head nurse at the Good Samaritan Convalescents Home.*

Miss Smith: *A trained nurse.*

Betty Baxter: *A debutante with a taste but not a talent for charity.*

Anna: *An old Belgian woman, a refugee.*

Scene: *Portion of a sunparlor on the ground floor of the Good Samaritan Canvalescents Home. The back wall chiefly consists of windows looking out into a park. Spring. The vines are in blossom about the windows. A horse chestnut tree in full bloom is seen on the edge of the park.*

The windows are open here and there. Wicker furniture,—a table, an armchair and two or three chairs. Armchair about C. Table L C. Doors R and L.

At the rise of the curtain Betty Baxter comes in at R with a brisk step.

Betty: *A very smart young person. She is dressed in the latest of everything. Hat, fluttering jacket and skirt,—the latter very much too short,—all in the latest style. She exhibits far too much silk stocking, which is terminated by the usual ridiculous footwear. An enormous bunch of violets decorates her waistline. Her face is pleasant and perfectly thoughtless.*

Betty (*after looking about for some one whom she does not find, turns again to door R*).

Betty.—O Miss Marston!

Miss Marston (*inside*).—Well?

Bet.—She's not here.

Miss M. (*appearing*).—Miss Smith hasn't brought her yet. She'll be here in a minute.

MISS MARSTON: *a well-built woman with a vigorous body and practical healthy unimaginative expression.*

She goes L, opens door and calls.

MISS M.—O Miss Smith!

MISS S. (*off stage*).—Coming, Miss Marston.

MISS M.—Miss Baxter's here to see Anna.

MISS S.—All ready in a minute, Miss Marston. Bring her right out.

MISS M.—All right.

She closes the door and turns to Betty.

MISS M.—She'll be here in a minute. Glad to see you, Miss Baxter. It's a long time since you've been down.

BET.—O I've been terribly busy. Auction parties every week. And dances almost every night. I'm nearly dead. — (*she looks it! — turning and looking out of the windows*). — Awfully pretty place here. Haven't you? Sh'd think they'd just love it.

MISS M.—*They! Their* one idea is to get away!

BET.—Really!

MISS M.—O yes. You can't make 'em appreciate it. Lucky if we can get 'em cured without relatives interfering. That's one thing about the woman you're coming to see. No relatives to trouble *her*.

BET.—I don't know *whom* I'm coming to see! The Secretary at the Social Workers never told me!

MISS M.—Didn't she? Well, it's a Belgian refugee. An old woman. Nobody knows where she comes from or how she got here. First place, she's forgotten her last name!

BET.—Really! How funny!

MISS M.—We don't know how she got over here all by herself. Came with a crowd in the steerage. Dreadful condition when she came to the hospital, they tell me. Never thought they could pull her through. She must be seventy if she's a day. But you can't kill some people. Why, if you'll believe it, her whole side was—

BET. (*looking very nervous and interrupting*).—Well, gracious, the Secretary told me I was to read to some one. If this woman's a Belgian, she can't understand English and I can't read French.

MISS M.—O she understands English. 'Nother funny thing. Dr. Grey thought she might be an Englishwoman who'd got into Belgium some way. She had a fierce temperature when she

got to the hospital. They thought it was gangrene. And she hadn't had a thing done for her, poor old thing! They had to give her five doses of—

BET. (*interrupting; evidently embarrassed*).—Yes, I know. Do you think she'll understand this? I was in such a hurry when I left the house it was all I could grab up.
Holds out her book.

MISS M.—"Pigs is Pigs." O Gee. I don't know. All you can do is try. She's most well now and nobody knows what on earth to do with her when she's discharged. What we want *you* to do is try to draw her out as to what she did before she came over. Find out if she can earn—

BET. (*longing to escape*).—But I *can't*. I don't see why they sent *me* down here! I never can do that kind of thing!

MISS M.—Well, hold on a minute. You want to do this kind of thing I suppose, or you wouldn't have handed in your name.

BET.—O mother did that!

MISS M.—Well now, see here. We've done all we can. This place is full,—people waiting to get in. We haven't time to sit and draw patients out. Just try for fifteen minutes, there's the girl! Just remember you didn't have to handle her when she first came all—

BET.—O yes I know but—

MISS M.—You don't care for nursing, do you?

BET.—O yes I do. But I can't bear to talk about it.

MISS M. (*laughing*).—Well, I'd like to put you right onto our out-patient department down at the hospital. You'd love that.—(*laughs again*)—

BET. (*flushing*).—O well, I've taken my First Aid course and I've got my diploma, and they put me right on the Preparedness list.

MISS M.—That certainly is going some. Learned to bandage a broken jaw and all the rest of it.

BET.—O of course we bandaged each other. We didn't have any *real* jaws,—I mean—

MISS M.—Well, you certainly have to read enough about them in the papers these days,—and see their pictures too—

BET.—O I won't look at those things. They always make me sick. Besides father and mother hide the things they don't want me to see.

MISS M.—Well, well. And you're all for Preparedness just the same!

BET.—O yes. Father believes in it and we've all got to work for it.

MISS M. (*still amused*).—So's to be ready when the Germans come over. I see. Well, I guess you've got a long time to wait. If you want to bandage any jaws, you'll have to go over there.

BET. (*not without pride*).—My brother's running an ambulance at the front and I have two cousins in the trenches. It's perfectly great! Their letters are terribly interesting, though nobody knows what they're doing or where they are, things are so terribly censored. But father says all this war will wake everybody up, and of course, it's since the war everybody's talking Preparedness. And one of my aunts went with that thing to Washington, whatever it was! Father says we ought all to talk it up. You believe in Preparedness, don't you?

MISS M.—Be-lieve me, I don't know anything about that end of it. But if I get a chance to join a unit, you can bet your bottom dollar I won't stay here. War booms *our* profession at any rate. So I guess I'm for Preparedness all right. Gee. I must go.—

She goes and looks down the passage L once more.

MISS M.—They're coming now. Sit down, Miss Baxter. You were good to come. And don't forget to ask what she can do. That's the really important thing. She'll never get back to her own people now, of course.

Exit R, still much amused.

Betty sits R looking decidedly uncomfortable and expectant, her hands in her lap, fumbling her book, her knees together, her toes tapping.

Enter L, Miss Smith, a bright chunky little nurse, leading an old woman.

ANNA: *the old woman has a white withered face, and an anxious, puzzled look in her eyes. She has on a hospital wrapper and her thin grey hair is strained back into an unostentatious knot. The unconscious contrast between Betty and Anna is worth going miles to see.*

Anna is led carefully to the armchair by Miss Smith who turns her more toward the windows, facing R. Miss Smith then closes the windows.

MISS S. (*to Anna*).—There now. Warm enough?

Anna nods.

MISS S. (*taking a shawl off her arm*).—Better put this on. — (*Anna shakes her head*) — No? Then I'll put it here on the table, in case you should want it. This young lady has come to see you.

A quick, moved look comes into the old woman's eyes.

MISS S.—She's come to read to you, if you like.

Anna looks at Betty and her lips move.

MISS S. (*to Betty*).—She's thanking you. You'd better come close to her so you can understand what she says. — (*turning back to Anna*) — I'll be back in fifteen minutes. — (*smiles as she goes toward L door*) —

Exit Miss Smith L.

Betty crosses over to the old woman and sits beside her. Betty is very ill at ease. Silence for a moment.

BET. (*in a rather loud voice*).—You have a pleasant place here.

ANNA (*starting a little*).—I don't understand.

BET.—This is a pleasant place here. — (*motions to the park*) —

ANNA (*indifferent*).—O yes.

BET.—Have—have you been here long?

ANNA (*with a sigh*).—O yes. Very long.

BET.—I'd like to read to you or something. Would you like to have me read?

ANNA.—Read? No. I cannot read. Not any more.

BET.—Shall I read *to* you?

ANNA (*after a moment*).—Please excuse me. Not today.

BET. (*both relieved and at a loss*).—All right.

ANNA.—You understand. My head is not very good. I thank you for your kindness.

BET.—O *that's* all right.—It's nice to have it spring again, isn't it?

Anna nods. Then she sighs. Betty looks very uneasy.

BET. (*trying again*).—I like the Spring. I hate our winters. It'll be cold for a day or two and then warm. I'd rather have snow, don't you know, and skating all winter, the way they do in Canada. — (*faster and faster*) — I was in Canada for a whole winter and we did nothing but coast and snow-shoe the whole time. Perfectly great. I learned to waltz on skates. I took part in the sports. Got a prize. It was perfectly corking. I learned a lot of steps on the ice that people here are only

just catching on to. I taught a lot of the girls and the men in my set this winter. But the ice doesn't last. Nothing but mud.

ANNA.—Ah yes. The mud. — (*her mind wanders away*) —

BET.—Of course, we've worked for the Bazaars you know, this winter, and the Red Cross. — (*checks herself, afraid of a personal application.*)

ANNA (*brightening*).—Ah yes. The Croix Rouge. They are very good. — (*silent again*).

BET.—Those things take up one's time awfully. But now Spring's come, I'm taking up tennis. I'm just *crazy* about tennis.

ANNA (*looking at her quickly*).—Tennis.

BET. (*encouraged*).—Yes. You know it's the game they play with a racket and balls over a net.

ANNA (*nods: then*).—I knew that game when I was a child,—in England. Yes. Ten-nis.

BET. (*rapidly*).—I've entered in all the tournaments. There are three. Don't expect to get anything, but might as well try. Got a cup last year. But I'm fearfully off my game. No muscle at all. — (*feels her arm*) — But I'll get up my game in a week or two,—I should worry.

ANNA (*in a low voice*).—You are very good to come and see me.

BET. (*forgetting her self-importance: kindly*).—O not at all. I like to.

She puts her hand impulsively on the arm of Anna's chair.

ANNA (*putting her hand timidly on Betty's*).—You are so like my Hilda.

BET.—Thank you. Is Hilda your daughter?

ANNA.—O dear no. My daughter's daughter. — (*a haunted look comes into her face: she loses herself again*) —

BET. (*jumping up*).—Sure you're quite warm. Hadn't I better put you on this shawl?

She takes the shawl from the table and puts it around Anna.

ANNA.—Thank you my dear. You are very good.

BET.—How old is Hilda?

She seats herself again.

ANNA.—She is just eighteen, with blonde hair like yours. But — (*with a half-laugh*) — never such beautiful clothes. — (*laughs again*) — Never such beautiful clothes as that. No.

BET.—What did—what did—Hilda do?

ANNA.—Hilda was a maid at the Hotel de l' Europe.

BET. (*trying to be interested in a servant*).—O was she?

ANNA.—Yes. That was what I was, when I left England.

Pause. Anna again distrait.

BET.—When did you leave England?

ANNA.—I? O years ago. I married in Belgium the Maitre d'Hotel of the — (*seems to search for the word*) — I went there with my mistress, Lady Langley. Many years ago now. Many years.

BET. (*becoming interested in drawing Anna out*).—So you married in Belgium. What part of Belgium?

ANNA.—Why Louvain. — (*looks at Betty as if she ought to have known*) — Didn't you know that?

BET.—No. I didn't. That was—was a very—nice town. Wasn't it?

ANNA.—O yes.

Her face falls and becomes blank again.

BET.—I went through it once on the train.

ANNA (*brightening*).—O you know Louvain? You were there?

BET.—O yes. But it was before the—well before the way it is now, don't you know.

ANNA.—The war. The war has changed everything.

She wipes her eyes.

ANNA.—I had four daughters and two sons. I don't know where they are now. My sons went to the war when it broke out. I think they are dead. I don't know.

She wipes her eyes again.

BET.—Perhaps some of us can find them for you. Perhaps if you tell us—

ANNA.—If I could only see Hilda again. — (*turns to Betty confidentially*) — You see we lived in a house behind the Hotel, where my husband worked. He had become proprietor in the last years, but we never moved over there. My daughters were all married. One died before the war. Two moved away from Louvain. They might be alive—

BET. (*to whom it is impossible to believe that they are dead*).—O yes! I'm *sure* they're alive!

ANNA (*smiles a little and turns to her again*).—My daughter's husband was shot.

BET. (*horrified*).—Shot! Why I never heard of such a thing!

ANNA.—He was shot down before our house.

BET. (*her lips trembling*).—O but—couldn't something be done?

ANNA.—O no. He was in our house and the soldiers came and took him out. His wife died in childbed that night. My daughter.

BET. (*who has only thought of childbed as one of those things one never talks about*).—O dear. How awful.

ANNA.—She had three children already. Daughters. The oldest was Hilda. I kept them all. My husband was arrested,—he did not know what for. He was taken away a few days afterward.

BET.—But *why?*

ANNA.—Because the Germans wanted to take him. They never gave any reasons for what they did.

BET.—But couldn't you get away before the Germans got there?

ANNA.—But we were all taken by surprise. Who could dream—when war was declared—when they broke into Belgium,—nobody *believed*,—I can't believe it yet. I never saw my husband again. They say he was put into one of those camps. *I* believe he is dead.

BET. (*in great distress*).—O I hope *not!* Perhaps we can find him for you—

ANNA (*beginning to cry*).—Find my Hilda and her sisters — (*she sobs*).

BET.—O. We oughtn't to talk about it. Let me read to you. *Please* — (*fumbles the pages of "Pigs is Pigs."*)
The old woman pays no attention.

ANNA (*continuing*).—We were all put into the street. Our house was set on fire. I can see it yet. The flames. They couldn't get me away. At last some soldiers insulted my girls. I took them away then. Tilly was so little she had to be carried. Then we walked and walked. I thought if we could only reach the sea. I thought if we could get to England we could be safe. — (*she cries*).

ANNA (*continuing*).—But we slept in the fields. One day, on the road—a man—struck me on the head—so.

BET. (*very nervous: on the point of tears*).—What kind of a man? A soldier?

ANNA.—I think it was. I can't remember. When I awoke the girls were gone.

BET. (*indignant*).—They left you!

ANNA (*sobbing*).—O no. The soldiers. The soldiers. My girls have nothing now but their shame. — (*sobs out aloud*) — *Betty sits frozen with horror. After a while she finds her voice.*

BET.—O don't. Don't. Perhaps we can find them.

ANNA.—That is the worst. If we *should* find them! Hilda, the one like you,—my dearest child!

BET.—But wasn't there *any* one to help you?

ANNA (*slowly shaking her head*).—I can't remember anything after that. Only walking, walking. And then—a ship. I don't know. I was numb here. — (*she touches her head*) — As I have sat in this place it all comes back to me. Why couldn't I die too? All my people gone. All. In one week.

BET. (*rapidly*).—Tell me your name and we'll see if we can't find them. I know father and mother will give me the money. There's my Christmas money I never spent. O I want to help you so much! Tell me your name.

ANNA.—Bless you a thousand times, my dear one. It's no use. I can't remember.

BET.—But you remembered Lady Langley's name. We can write to her.

ANNA.—She is dead. She died with us at the Hotel Poirier — (*she pauses*) — Poirier. That was my husband's name. And mine. Poirier. Anton.

BET. (*writing rapidly on the fly-leaf of "Pigs is Pigs"*).—I've got it.

ANNA.—Poirier. Hilda's name was—well. Never mind. It will come. They will come now.

BET.—We'll find them for you. All.

ANNA (*smiling: unbelieving*).—All?

BET. (*decidedly*).—Yes. All.

ANNA.—God bless you. — (*she sighs, resigned*) —

BET. (*taking violets from her dress: jumping up and putting them in Anna's hand*).— I'm *so* sorry. But we'll find them all. There.

ANNA.—Thank you, my dear.

BET. (*opening window: impulsively*).—O it's so warm in here! — (*shutting window again as impulsively*) — O no. I forgot. You'll be cold.

ANNA (*nodding pleasantly*).—Just like Hilda. Just like Hilda. All right. All right.

Miss Smith enters L.

MISS S.—Time to go back now, Anna.

She helps her to rise.

BET. (*goes up, impulsively, puts her arms about Anna's neck and kisses her*).—Goodbye. I'm coming to see you—often.

ANNA.—Goodbye, my dear child.

MISS S.—I guess she's tired. It's the first time she's been up as long as this.

Anna and Miss Smith have reached the door, L. Anna stops and turns, still holding the violets.

ANNA.—Goodbye,—Hilda.

MISS S. (*over her shoulder to Betty*).—You sure have made a hit with her.

They go out. Miss Marston enters R.

MISS M.—Well, did you get anything out of her?

BET. (*with a flushed and excited face*).—Yes. Her name's Poirier. And she comes from Louvain.

MISS M.—She told you? Good. And what can she do?

BET.—Do!

MISS M.—To earn!

BET. (*blankly*).—I forgot all about that!

MISS M.—Well, *that's* the important thing.

BET.—I'm going to try to find her family!

MISS M. (*disgusted*).—O Gee! They're lost long ago.

BET.—Well anyway, I'm going to try.

MISS M.—Child, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had temperature.

BET. (*disregarding the suggestion of a thermometer*).—See here. Isn't there any discipline in those armies?

MISS M.—Hold on. Which armies? Where?

BET.—Why over there. In the war.

MISS M.—Why yes. What do you mean?

BET.—Because she's been telling me such horrible things about what happened. Aren't the soldiers under orders?

MISS M.—Why yes. But that's to fight their battles with. In the towns they get away. Fool their officers. Lots of stories like

that. Shoot from the natives' windows at the officers and then say as how the natives did it. Then they get orders to loot. Haven't you read about it?

BET.—O yes. I suppose so. But—

MISS M.—Well then, I guess you've got something at first hand, young lady!

BET.—But listen here. Her husband's been shut up and her son-in-law shot, and her daughter died, and the house was burned down, and she and her granddaughters turned into the streets and then—O *then* the soldiers knocked her unconscious and took away the girls! And then she doesn't know how she got here. And her name is Poirier, and she comes from Louvain, and I'm going to find her family. And if *this* is war—

MISS M. (*getting a word in with difficulty*).—It sure is!

BET.—Well, I don't believe in it! And I'm going to stop it! And I'm not going to work for Preparedness! And I'm going home to tell father!

Exit with a rush. Miss Marston stands laughing. As Betty bangs the door R, enter Miss Smith L, greatly excited.

MISS S.—Anna remembers — (*here door R bangs*) — Good heavens! Was that the girl who was here just now?

MISS M. (*still laughing*).—Well I guess! There goes a girl who's begun to think for the first time in her life!

CURTAIN.

THE MARCH OF TRUTH

CAST

GERTRUDE: *A woman of the people.*
TONY: *A child of the upper classes.*
JULIUS BRAUN: *A socialist.*

SCENE: *A wine cellar under a house somewhere in the war zone. R and L are two stone supports to the vaulted roof. The back of the stage is recessed. In the shadow of the R pillar up stage, is a heavy door. R and L are wine-bins. There is nothing imposing about the architecture. It is simply useful and antiquated. A chair, a settee, both delapidated, and an empty packing-case compose the furnishings. The packing-case stands C, and L of the case, the chair. The settee stands L of chair and runs up and down stage. On the case, a lighted candle, another unlighted, a bowl, a child's mug, a Bible, a half-knitted stocking and a Teddy Bear.*

Gertrude is sitting in the chair with Tony on her lap and is trying to feed him out of the bowl.

GERTRUDE: *is a woman of the people. She wears her heavy hair wound about her head in braids. Her face is large, round and healthy,—by nature florid, but now pallid and marked with unnatural shadows and lines, brought on by fatigue, sorrow and never-ending apprehension. Her figure is tall, very well-developed, with strong shoulders and deep chest. Her carriage is upright. She is the fine type we see in the paintings of European peasants. She is dressed in a plain print dress, with an apron embroidered in cross stitch. She wears a large thick grey shawl with which she covers Tony.*

TONY: *is a thin slight delicate shrinking little boy. His long thin legs are only partly clad in socks, and his slender feet are encased in patent leather shoes. His dress is that customary among rich people of Europe at the present day. His hair is cut in a dandified way.*

GERTRUDE (*taking up the spoon*).—A little? Come. Try.

He moves his head toward the spoon, then turns away.

TONY (*whispering*). No, no.

GER. (*rather more firmly*).—Come, Tony, you must try.

Tony turns away his head and buries it in her shoulder. Gertrude pushes the dish away and reaches for the Teddy Bear.

GER.—See, the little bear is cold too.

Tony takes the bear into a convulsive embrace, then he throws him away.

GER.—Don't you want your good little bear? He is very lonely.

TONY (*beginning to cry*).—I want my mamma. I want my mamma.

GER.—Your mamma will come soon.

TONY.—Where is she now?

GER.—Now she must be at the next town.

TONY.—Then I shall see her soon.

GER.—It takes so long to travel nowadays. Perhaps.

TONY.—But the soldiers won't shoot my mamma?

GER.—O no! They are very good to her. But the streets are full of wagons and automobiles and horses and soldiers marching. And it takes a long time for mothers to reach their children.

TONY (*suddenly sitting up*).—There it is again!

GER.—What, child?

TONY.—The noise in the wall.

He turns staring frightened eyes toward the L wall and then back to Gertrude.

GER. (*listening*).—I don't hear anything.

TONY (*petulantly*).—Yes you do! Yes you do! *Don't* keep saying that!—(*he blubbers nervously*)—

Gertrude puts him down with decision and goes to the wall L and puts her ear to it. It is obvious to the audience that she does hear something, but she conceals it from Tony.

GER. (*turning to Tony*).—You are a foolish boy. Some rat is making himself a house.

TONY.—I don't like rats!

GER.—I won't let them come to you, and they never go into your grandmother's storeroom where your bed is. That is why she had it built so. Stone walls and the great door.

TONY (*putting his arms about her waist*).—Why do we have to live down here? Why can't we go upstairs?

GER. (*with the expression of one who has repeated the answer many times*).—I have told you a thousand times!

TONY.—But *why!*

GER. (*distinctly*).—Because the King has ordered it. He has also ordered little boys to go to bed at nine and it is now ten. Come.

TONY.—No.

GER.—Yes. You have not had your sleep. You must make it up.

TONY (*trailing dismally along with Gertrude up R*).—Gertrude, how long is it since the soldiers came and took mamma and papa away?

GER. (*with another expression of suppressed impatience*).—It was *four.*

TONY.—Four? Was it four? I can't remember the days down here. —I *want* my mamma. How long did you say it would be before she got back?

GER.—I told you she is at the next town and will get here as soon as she can. Now. Will you go to bed?

TONY (*yawning dismally: hanging onto Gertrude's skirt*).—No. Gertrude, tell me a story.

GER.—All right.

She snatches him up and wrapping him in her shawl, seats herself again in the chair.

GER.—Now. What do you want? The Frog Prince?

TONY (*whining*).—No.

GER.—Cinderella?

TONY (*peevishly*).—No, no.

GER.—Then what?

TONY (*after a pause: wearily*).—I don't know.

A great boom, much muffled, resounds, shaking the walls. The spoon in the bowl clinks. The settee rattles. The faint clinking of the bottles in the bins is heard.

GER. (*involuntarily: under her breath*).—O Christ Jesu!

Tony breaks into shrinking sobs. Gertrude holds him close.

GER. (*suppressing her own anguish*).—Don't cry. There, there. You see it didn't hurt us. You see why the good King told us to come down here. There. There. Sh. Sh.

A series of more distant booms.

The child hides his head under the shawl in speechless agony. He is too frightened and exhausted to cry any more. His little

thin hand, a mere claw, clutches the edge of the shawl,—all that can be seen of him.

The thunder dies away.

GER. (*raising her eyes: whispering*).—God,—no war,—no war.—(*she breathes deeply*) — All safe again, darling. Look up.

Tony's frightened face looks out again.

GER. (*quickly*).—A long while ago there lived a little girl, and the people of the village called her Goldylocks, because her curly hair was so light and shiny. And one day, though her parents had told her she must not go out, she ran away into a wood to gather flowers. She ran and she ran until she came to a lonely spot where she found a pretty little cottage,—the prettiest cottage in the world. The door was open. And the window of the best room was open. She looked in, but she could not see anybody. So she decided to go into the house and look about her.

TONY.—What is that story?

GER.—It is called the Three Bears.

TONY.—Do I know it?

GER.—This is a new story. You must not keep stopping me. First she went into the kitchen, and there she found the supper standing in three bowls on the table.

TONY.—What was that supper?

GER.—Soup.

TONY.—What kind of soup?

GER.—It was a milk soup such as I used to cook for you.

TONY.—Gertrude, I should like—

GER.—You must be quiet. There were three bowls. One was a great big bowl. One was a middling-sized bowl. And one was a teeny tiny bowl. Goldylocks tasted them all. But the little one she liked best, so she ate it all up. Then she was tired and looked for a chair to sit down in. There were three chairs in the room. One a great big chair. One a middling-sized chair. And one a teeny tiny chair. The big one was too big. The middling-sized one was too soft. But the little chair which had a rush-bottom was very nice indeed, and she sat in it and rocked to and fro.

TONY.—But why?

GER.—Why what?

TONY (*after a short pause: sleepily*).—*Why?*

A longer pause. Gertrude sways him gently. He seems almost asleep. Suddenly he starts up, convulsively.

TONY.—I hear it. I hear it. I hear it.

GER.—But what?

TONY.—The rat. The rat. That is making himself a house. Don't let him come here.

GER.—No, no, *no*,—foolish boy.

She holds him close and goes on with the story.

GER.—Suddenly,—crack!—the seat of the tiny chair gave way and Goldylocks fell to the floor. When she got up, she saw the stairs and thought she would go up and see what there was there.

TONY (*drearily*).—I don't like that story.

GER. (*clucks with her tongue and looks upward, desperately*).—What would you like? A song?

TONY (*nodding his head*).—Yes.

GER.—Shall I sing Rockabye?

TONY.—No, no, not that. Don't sing.

GER.—What then?

TONY (*is silent for a moment: then*).—Tell me the rest of the story.

GER. (*in a low insistent hum*).—She went upstairs and found three beds. One great big bed. One middling-sized bed. And one teeny tiny bed. The big bed was too large. The middling-sized bed was too soft. But the little bed was just right. So she crawled in and was soon fast asleep.

She glances down at the child.

GER. (*continuing*).—She was soon fast asleep. After a while the Three Bears who lived in the house, came home from their walk. — (*she looks down again*) — Home from their walk. The Big Bear went up to the table,—went up to the table and said — (*whispering*)— Asleep. At last.

She holds the boy quietly for a moment until she is sure, then she tiptoes with him to the large door and disappears inside. A distinct clinking in the wall L is now audible.

Gertrude comes back, leaving the door ajar. She lights the other candle and places it inside the door, then closes it all but a crack. Then she comes heavily down to the chair, leans her head on her hands and groans softly.

GER.—At last. At last.

Involuntarily the big tears begin to run down her cheeks.

Finally she lays her head down on the case. Her shoulders heave but she makes no sound.

The clinking grows more and more distinct and insistent. Chips of mortar fall out of the wall L. Suddenly, as Gertrude stands upright, a panel is pushed in. A man's head, unrecognizable with filth, and pallid with weariness and loss of blood, appears. He is breathing heavily. His head is tied up with a bloody cloth.

GER. (*with a terrific gesture of command: whispering*).—Make no noise.

The man hesitates. Gertrude goes up swiftly and closes the door, after looking in and assuring herself that the child has not wakened. Then she comes down again.

GER. (*fiercely: always in undertone*).—Who are you?

MAN.—Help me.

GER.—What do you want?

MAN.—Help me.

GER.—Not till you tell me who you are and what you want.

MAN (*obviously suffering*).—Julius Braun. Water.

GER. (*with a swift pitying gesture goes at once to help him: speaks as she goes*).—The street was torn up by a bomb. The pipes are broken. There is no water here.

MAN (*more faintly*).—Help me.

Gertrude, with her splendid strong arms, draws him out,—a mere wreck of a man, clad in what is scarcely recognizable as a uniform. He is unable to use one leg. He staggers to the floor and faints.

Gertrude turns quickly, seizes a bottle of wine from a bin and breaks off the neck. She takes off her apron and sopping it with the wine, bathes his forehead and face and hands. She undoes his collar. She fans him. At last his life returns.

GER. (*in a soothing voice*).—Come. You mustn't lie there on this cold floor.

She slowly helps him up and seats him on the settee.

GER.—You are very much hurt.

BRAUN (*stupidly*).—My head. My leg.

GER.—Let me bind them up.

BRAUN (*shaking his head, weakly*).—No. I—can't. I haven't had food for days. — (*his head sinks forward: he rouses*) — Where am I?

GER. (*in a gentle, distinct voice*).—This is the cellar of Monsieur de Bravoort's house.

BRAUN.—Mmn.—What town is this?

GER.—Saint John's.

BRAUN (*dully*).—My God, my God, my God. Have you—anything to—eat?

GER. (*with a swift glance at the bowl on the table and placing herself before it*).—No.

BRAUN (*who has seen the dish*).—That!

GER. (*after a struggle with herself*).—That is for a child.

BRAUN.—I want it. I want it. I want it. You are cruel.

GER. (*stubbornly*).—It belongs to a child.

BRAUN.—I must have it. I want it. I am dying—

GER. (*with a great sigh*).—A little. I'll let you have a little.

She turns toward the bowl, reluctantly.

BRAUN.—Ah no. It belongs to the child.

Gertrude makes a gesture of relenting.

BRAUN.—No. No. The child will grow up. I'm no use—I'm—done.

He sinks back.

Gertrude takes a piece of burlap from one of the bins, rolls it up and puts it under his head. She covers him with her shawl. Then she remembers the wine. She fills the child's mug and drawing up beside him, coaxes him to drink. At first, like the boy, he resists. Then he takes a little. Then a little more. Then he opens his eyes as if he had never seen the place.

BRAUN.—Where am I?

GER. (*gently*).—In Monsieur de Bravoort's cellar.

BRAUN.—O yes. Bra-voort you say? Give me some more wine.

Booming again outside. Gertrude anxiously goes and regards the child. She comes back reassured.

GER.—Thank God.

BRAUN.—Why?

GER.—Monsieur de Bravoort's boy. He's asleep at last. The first time in four days, he's really asleep. Thank God.

BRAUN.—O that's it.—A fine place for a child.

He laughs weakly. His laugh ends in a faint cough.

BRAUN.—How did a child get down here?

GER.—They took Monsieur de Bravoort out four days ago and shot him.

BRAUN.—What for?

GER.—God knows. His wife would not leave him. They shot her too.

BRAUN.—Yes. I hope so. Best thing.

GER.—They would not let her leave after she came into the room and stood beside her husband. If she could have reached the child nothing could have torn her away. She had hidden me and him down here. They didn't find us when they looted. I don't know why they didn't burn the house. But that army has gone.

BRAUN.—Ah. *Which* army?

GER. (*shrugging*).—I don't know. It's all one. Another will come after. — (*with sudden apprehension*) — Do you belong to them?

BRAUN.—Yes I did. I—can't remember which.—Give me wine.

Gertrude gives him a swallow.

BRAUN (*leaning his head back*).—Wonderful wine.

GER.—Yes. That was from the Burgomaster's cellar. He made my master a present of it last Christmas.

BRAUN.—I want more.

GER.—But ought you—

BRAUN.—*Give it to me!* — (*he drinks*) — Ah, well, well, well. My mind is as clear as a bell now. It hasn't been so clear for days. Ah, well, well, well.

He suddenly sighs deeply and makes a gesture of weariness or despair.

GER.—Are you comfortable?

BRAUN.—O yes.

GER.—Can I help your wounds?

BRAUN.—Never mind. Never mind.—I've been crawling around underground. I don't know how long. I was sent on scout duty. Yes. That was it. Scout duty. Got a wound here — (*indicates leg*) — had to lie in a ditch. I don't know how long it was. I raised my head—got another here. — (*indicates head*) — I crawled a long way in that ditch. Found myself in what I thought was an old drain. Secret passage. These old towns are full of these things.

GER. (*indicating passage*).—How long have you been in there?

BRAUN.—How long? Don't know. Give me some more of that wine.

She gives it obediently.

BRAUN (*after drinking*).—You might as well you know. It's the least you can do for a dying man. But what'll you do with my corpse?

GER. (*under her breath*).—O God!

BRAUN.—Got to think of that. Can you drag me back in there?

GER.—O yes.

BRAUN.—Then close up the hole. It will close. But the gases. Shove me in as far as you can.

GER.—My God.

A pause. He makes the gesture of distress again.

GER. (*whispering: her hand to her forehead*).—O God, no war. No war.

BRAUN.—And now do you know who this is that is to be buried in a drain?

Gertrude looks at him blankly.

BRAUN.—Don't know me? Well, I was editor of the People's Voice. *Now* you know.

GER.—O yes.—Heini,—my young man,—used to read that paper.

BRAUN.—Socialist paper. Yes. And the motto always stood on the front page: "The Truth is marching on."

GER.—That was the paper that was so against war.

BRAUN.—Yes. I had to get over the border into Switzerland twice when they got after me. I've been in prison five times for that paper.

GER.—Five times! No! Really!

BRAUN.—Yes. I fought armaments. And look at me now—(*laughs weakly*)—

GER.—But you did much good. Heini said that.

BRAUN.—I dare say. I dare say. I meant well. My hands were tied. Fool that I was to stay on this side of the water.

GER.—Why did you?

BRAUN.—To see the fight out.

GER. (*with anguish*).—Ah, we can none of us see that now!

BRAUN.—You are right. We can never see the end. Nor our children. Nor our children's children.—What about that child in there?

GER.—What do you mean?

BRAUN.—Who knows, if he grows up he can do what I never succeeded in doing. Let me see him.

GER.—No, no.

BRAUN.—He ought to hear what I failed to do. So that he will succeed. Children that grow up now will never forget this childhood. Our only hope lies in them. Let me see him.

GER.—No, no, no. He is delicate. He will not live through this. He has not slept for four nights and can scarcely eat. No, no. I cannot wake him. It will be killing him. Every nerve is fine and sensitive. He has nearly died from illness at different times. He has a bad heart.

BRAUN.—Bah! That's our new generation of rebels. Bulbous headed, overfed, coddled. Drink and learning. The destruction of a people. They have made us too weak to throw off the yoke and now it has crushed us into the earth. Ah well. *He makes the troubled gesture once again.*

GER.—But men like you. Heini said you were our only hope!

BRAUN.—I! — (*laughs feebly*) — Not I! I'm not wanted. There's no place for me in the world. Any more than for *Judas.*

GER.—But if you lived. Why you are not very old—

BRAUN.—Thirty-two. That is the way my country uses the brains of her people. There will be no brains worth the name in Europe for a hundred years. All blotted out in the trenches. And all the old dogmas will come home to roost again. Then there will be an end. And then — (*with passion*) — my people will *not* be voted down.—O you can't understand me. You don't know what this is all about? Hein?

GER. (*starting*).—I? What do I know? Except that I want there should be *no war.*

BRAUN.—War disagrees with you too, doesn't it? Yes. It has disagreed with us all. But what were we to do? A minority. And armaments on all sides to invade our fatherland.

GER.—Invade?

BRAUN (*with sarcasm lost on Gertrude*).—Yes. The enemy against whom we are defending you, you know.

GER. (*with anger*).—Well, have we been defended? Why did you not defend us? First you took our men. You took all our food for your army. Then you let in the enemy! Fine, good people shot down like swine — (*she buries her face in her hands*) —

BRAUN.—Give us time. Give us time. Now we will shoot down the *enemy's* people like swine. That, my good girl, is *defending* you.

GER.—Sh. Was not that the child?

She goes and looks at the child and comes back.

GER.—He still sleeps.

She sits down thoughtfully, with a backward glance at the door. Braun is moving restlessly as if his breath came hard. He makes the distressed gesture again.

BRAUN.—We have done our best to protect you,—I know that. If we did not succeed,—why that is war. Tell me, what are the armaments for, but to protect women and children?

Gertrude gives vent to an inarticulate exclamation of contempt.

BRAUN.—You don't believe me. The thanklessness of women.

GER.—Then why couldn't you protect poor Madame,—and her boy here? In time of peace it was bad enough with the soldiers. But since the war, no woman is safe. O it is not only the enemy's soldiers! You're all alike. And no woman dare complain. If she raises her voice,—what, you dare complain of your protectors? That's treason!

BRAUN.—All the same. Armaments are to protect the women and children.

GER. (*seeing his discomfort*).—Let me lift you up. Lean against me,—so.

She lifts him, and seats herself at his head, holding him in her arms.

BRAUN.—Good heaven, how strong you are! — (*he is quiet a moment*) — Man is the natural protector of his own. Don't you know that?

GER.—I think you are exciting yourself. Try to be quiet.

BRAUN (*sarcastically*).—Man is woman's natural protector. I repeat it. — (*she lays his head on her shoulder*) — To hold her in his strong arms. — (*he laughs weakly*) — You don't understand the situation, do you?

GER.—Bah. Neither do you. For all you're a learned gentleman.

BRAUN (*with a sigh*).—We form leagues to protect animals. But where is the league to protect human beings?*—A little wine.—You won't refuse me?

She gives him wine.

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*I am indebted for this line to "J'Accuse," and have adopted it because it cannot be too often repeated.

BRAUN (*with his distressed gesture*).—I may die. But I shall never forget. If I could forget. It will follow me beyond death.—I have denied God.

GER. (*much moved*).—O poor man. O poor man. O for the priest!

BRAUN.—No. No priest can do me good. I told you I had worked against war?

GER.—Yes. — (*noticing his growing excitement*).

BRAUN.—The test came when war was declared. I stood to my principles with my friends. Then we saw what had happened. The rest of our brothers were against us. They were calling us—*us*—cowards! They clamored that the Fatherland was in danger. The greater number against the smaller. A cause divided was lost. So we went crawling to the majority. We who had made war on war so many years! And we denied God in that hour. All but one. He was brave enough to stand alone. *We deserted him.* At the snap of the whip from above, we obeyed like the curs we were. Curs. An army of *curs* to protect the fatherland. To be the stay of widows and orphans. To protect the chastity of our virgins.— (*he laughs*) — We were whipped into the trenches. We were told not to think. We only moved at the word of command. We,—who had lived for freedom! And the dreary days of nothing, in the mud of a stinking trench,—for us whose days had been crowded to the brim with work! — (*he pauses: then speaks in a distinct voice*) — There are no hells for me to fear now. I have known them all.—It is denied me to die for my belief.

GER.—Hush. You must not talk so. Be quiet and still.
She hushes him like a child.

BRAUN.—Protected? No. I have destroyed. And now I cannot even protect myself. Dying like a poisoned rat in a hole.—But then—how many of them had a woman to watch over them? — (*suddenly looking up at Gertrude*) — Who are you?

GER. (*confused: not thinking of herself*).—I?!

BRAUN.—Yes, you. What are you doing here?

GER.—O I was cook here.

BRAUN.—O. A Servant. Poor slave.

GER. (*indignant*).—Don't talk so.

BRAUN (*wondering at her tone*).—What did I say?

GER.—I liked my work. I can cook well. I liked my place. I was earning money. When Heini had served his time in the army,—(*she shudders*) — and had saved enough,—we were going to America.

BRAUN.—Why?

GER.—Because there are no military there to eat up poor people's money and lives.

BRAUN.—Well, you'll find enough. And they're eating the money. — (*gives a cackling laugh*) — The lives will follow.

GER.—Do they do that there?

BRAUN.—Yes. You see this war in Europe has made war popular over there.—And so Heini had to go to war?

GER.—O yes. — (*she groans*) —

BRAUN.—And you don't know where he is?

GER.—No. — (*she sighs*) —

BRAUN.—Well, thank God, I'm not married. Nor promised. Since the end is what it is. But no children,—that is a bad thing. No children, to learn that they must undo what their father has done. All the same, I must leave my will. That boy there —

Gertrude starts up, shaking her head.

BRAUN.—You can't tell. He may survive. He must carry on the work. You shall train him to it. It is my last chance.

GER.—I must go and look after him.

She goes to the door and looks in. Braun sinks back, murmuring.

BRAUN.—The truth is marching on.

He closes his eyes and sinks into a stupor.

GER.—How still he is.

She disappears. A pause.

Gertrude reappears. She looks ghastly. She utters a groan.

GER. (*in a stifled voice*).—The boy is dead.

BRAUN (*mechanically, without opening his eyes*).—Dead.

GER.—I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it. He is dead. It is my fault. It is my fault.
She disappears again.

GER. (*reappearing*).—It is true. It is true. It is my fault. I did not care for him enough. O what shall I do. What shall I do.
She walks about distracted, looking dazed or half-mad, picking at her dress. Suddenly she gives a great sob and sinks beside the packing-case, her head on her arms.
A great boom shakes the cellar.
Braun rouses at the sound.

BRAUN (*delirious*).—There it is again. And again. O—O—water. Water.—Will it never stop raining. Over our ankles. Over our ankles. Water. Over our knees. Cold. Cold. — (*his voice dies away*) — I smell them. I smell them. O—O—. Bury them. Bury them. O—water. Water. Up to our knees.—Bury them. Bury them. They can't—can't be buried. They can't—can't be buried. Ten days. Eleven days. Twelve days. Bury them. — (*pause*) — There. Again! They're not here. They're not here. They were—here. They were—here. Beside me. Yes. Men. Bury them. Bury them. Water. Water. I'm so cold. Up to our knees.
A boom.

BRAUN.—The water is rising. We've got to get out—get out of this. Can't. Can't. There's no way—no way. Lie—down. Lie—down. — (*he sinks back*) — Water. Water.
Gertrude suddenly becomes aware of his last words. She staggers to her feet and goes to him. She raises him.

GER.—There's no water here. Only the wine.

BRAUN (*conscious*).—What? You? Who are you? O. Yes. Give it to me.
He drinks.

BRAUN (*suddenly clear*).—Yes. Set that boy to work against war.

GER. (*her face distorted*).—The boy is dead. Don't you understand?

BRAUN (*is silent a moment: then*).—I die intestate. — (*he covers his eyes with his hand*). — No matter. No matter. The truth is—marching—on.

He suddenly raises himself and kneels facing Gertrude, swaying. She supports him.

BRAUN.—It is *you—you* who are my heir. A woman. The world belongs to you now. You are strong enough to endure. And to protect. Bind it on your soul. My burden. No war. No war.

He sinks back. He becomes unconscious. His face relaxes in death.

Gertrude watches him. Then she takes her apron from the floor where it has been lying, and covers his face. She kneels beside the settee.

GER. (*between her deep sobs*).—God. No war. No—*war.*

CURTAIN.

"HATRED"

CAST.

MRS. GRANVILLE.
VIOLET: *Her daughter.*
MRS. PIKE: *Mrs. Granville's assistant at the Sewing Circle and in sundry other charities.*
PROFESSOR FROUDE: *From a Belgian University, a refugee.*
OTTO SIEGER: *From a German University, in the Imperial Aviation corps.*

SCENE: *England, during the war. The Granville's house at Pembury, a coast town,—"Bide a Wee,"—the library. Low bookcases run about the room. At back, glass doors giving onto a low terrace or veranda. The room is low-studded and homelike. Door L. Fireplace R, very small. A fringed mantle-cover. Many photographs on the mantle. A passable clock with two matched vases on either side. Coal scuttle and fireirons. An armchair with wings, in front of fireplace, done in chintz. A sofa, facing down stage, L C, done in chintz. Chintz curtains. Too much chintz. It is even on the footstools. Too many knicknacks on the bookcases. Too many chairs. A table C. By the table, a large wicker basket from which some of the familiar grey Red Cross flannel is protruding. Skeins of grey wool on the table.*

Outside the windows, a view of a pleasant English garden, with a garden walk leading to an arched gate, covered with rambler roses. A garden bench, facing toward the gate, in view near the veranda.

When the curtain rises, Mrs. Granville and Mrs. Pike are discovered out on the terrace, with their backs to the audience. (Terrace doors open.) They are both looking up into the sky intently.

MRS. PIKE.—There it goes!
MRS. GRANVILLE.—It couldn't be,—no, of course not! It's English. English. And anyway, at least it's not a Zep.
MRS. P.—Gone now.
They turn and come in, moving slowly down to the sofa.

MRS. GRANVILLE: *A well-nourished provincial Englishwoman with a fine Roman nose and a narrow forehead.*

MRS. PIKE: *Also Roman-nosed and with a narrow forehead. She is unable to compete in point of figure, however, being thin and pinched-looking about the waist.*
Both ladies succeed in looking frumpy without departing from the rules of perfect simplicity. Mrs. Pike's bonnet, in particular, is a triumph of simple hidosity.

MRS. P. (*as they come*).—I can't help thinking you ought to be nervous,—out on the heath, so far from town and so near the sea. You must be a perfect target from the sky.

MRS. G. (*without hesitation*).—Not at all. No lights after dark is the only precaution necessary.

MRS. P.—Well, I should hate to have those horrid Germans begin their atrocities with you and Violet!

MRS. G.—If those horrid Germans can get as far as this, they are welcome to begin with me! I simply trust our navy. That is all.

MRS. P.—I know, but our navy's not in the clouds. — (*she has reached the basket and pulls out some small pajama trousers*) — As you see, my dear, the pattern was excessively skimpy, so that I did the best I could. After I found it out, I allowed for seams of course, but dear me!—the first ones I cut out will *scarcely* fit the drummer boy. Look at that. — (*she holds up the trousers*) — Do please tell poor dear Violet before she does any more.

MRS. G.—Certainly. She's still rolling bandages. Hasn't cut out yet.

MRS. P.—What a mercy. I worried all the way about it. Well, I must be running along. I've got to look at the samples of wadding sent down from town to Crosby and Sneers. It'll take me fifteen minutes to walk there from here, and then after that I must stop in a moment to see poor dear Mrs. Thompkins,—her son's back from the front, lost both legs,—it's too sad. So I may be rather late at the Sewing Circle. And you're sure it won't be too much for you to get all the things down to the Rooms?

MRS. G.—Dear me, no. You know all these little things are only "doing our bit," aren't they?

MRS. P.—Good of you to take it that way. — (*starts to go, then turns back*) — But what *do* you hear from your poor dear husband?

MRS. G. (*taking a letter out of her good English pocket and putting up her glasses*).—Good news so far, my dear. He's had rather a sad time with these rains. But they're only keeping the men in the trenches four days at a time you know, and so they're making out. Here's his last. — (*opening letter*) — "All well, but very wet. Suffering slightly from chafed feet." (Shows he's very bad with them or he wouldn't have mentioned them at all.) "But no wounds. I'm better off than many another poor chap. Almost feel like a slacker." (Fancy!) "But when I think of you and the daughter, I'm grateful. Love to both of you and God bless you. *We won't give up until we've annihilated the Huns.* Then, with God's mercy, you and I may meet again safe at our own fireside. Love to our girl." Violet's always in his thoughts. Now every letter is like that. Cheerful and determined.

MRS. P. (*who is so unfortunate as to have no near relative at the front: beginning a little enviously*).—Fancy! What courage. How it supports one! — (*warming up*) —What a noble spirit! One hears it on all sides. We are living in a great time. Did you hear the Rector's last sermon?

MRS. G.—The one on the text, "Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me"? Splendid, wasn' it?

MRS. P.—*Won*-derful! Why I felt I could have shouldered a bayonet myself and enlisted at once!

MRS. G. (*laughing*).—My dear, we can't spare you! You mustn't leave the Sewing Circle in the lurch. I have more than I can do already.

MRS. P.—But really, I'd like to kill *some* Germans, wouldn't you? Every time I read of those atrocities, I feel as if I could go any length!

MRS. G.—So do I. Violet thinks I'm bloodthirsty, but I think not. I feel and believe absolutely that God is fighting on our side to punish the wickedness on the other. This is not the time for milk-and-water sentiments I tell Violet, but she's dreadfully obstinate!

MRS. P.—But dear Violet is working very hard, all the same, isn't she?

MRS. G.—O yes. She works very well. But I feel she needs a talking-to. I believe I'll send the Rector to her,—she ought to believe what *he* says,—he's such a good man! It isn't as if she wanted proofs of the wickedness of our enemies,—with my Belgian Professor living right here in the house, who has been ruined in all ways,—the great work on which he's been engaged for twenty years, destroyed before his eyes! Fancy!

MRS. P. (*whose preperations for departure are again postponed: whispering*).—O I wanted to ask you how he wears?

MRS. G. (*very benign*).—Professor Froude? My dear, he's *charming!* Such a help too! I want you to have a look at him,—when he's *properly clothed.* At present he's clad in some old things from the Relief Rooms,—the last they had,—sleeves and trousers several inches above high tide. I only let him walk out at night, but he's so dreadfully absent-minded, he thinks nothing of exposing himeslf to the passers-by in the daytime. But charming and patient and *very grateful to us.* You know, between ourselves, I *dreaded* taking a perfect stranger and a foreigner into my house,—but it has turned out *extremely well.*

MRS. P. (*very doubtful*).—But a Frenchman,—you never can tell. Isn't it—isn't it rather hard with such a pretty daughter in the house?

MRS. G.—O if Violet were the girl she was a year ago, I simply wouldn't have done it. I'd have put my foot down. But now—

MRS. P.—I remember her so well when she was going on the trip with your American friends,—just before the war. I thought you were dreadfully rash to send her along with them, with their delightful free ways. But she's ve-ry much changed, isn't she? — (*a note of curiosity in her voice quite lost on Mrs. Granville*) —

MRS. G.—O it made a wonderful change in her. There's something ordained about these things. When the war came, Violet was ready to bear the burden with me,—when Henry left for the front. She's a woman now, and such a comfort and support to me, in spite of her inane sentiments as to loving our enemies. I don't know what I should do without her. And with the Professor she's very discreet,—O very! She never stays long

in the room, and so on. And he's as good as fifty years old. And besides, in these times we have to bravely take life as we find it, don't we?

MRS. P.—O yes. Quite so. After all it's a great opportunity for these foreigners to see our English home life, isn't it? Speaks English, does he?

MRS. G.—O perfectly. These foreigners all do.

MRS. P.—Only one more bit of evidence that good English well pronounced, will take one anywhere. I always found that on the Continent. — (*hurriedly*) — Though of course I had the best of instruction in French and Italian in school. Now I really must—love to dear Violet. I'm truly glad to have had this little chat.

They are moving up to the glass-doors, when they are confronted with the peculiar apparition of the Professor. Mrs. Granville tries to make him a signal. But all he does, after stepping into the room, is to step gracefully aside, and hold the door open for Mrs. Pike. Mrs. Pike modestly veils her eyes. Mrs. Granville follows her guest. The Professor, with a book in his hand, comes down.

PROFESSOR FROUDE: *is a tall, high-shouldered man, extremely thin, with a pointed beard rather grey and hair greyish and thinning. He has a very expressive sympathetic face, and so refined that his peculiar dress, such as described by Mrs. Granville, is not as conspicuous as she believes it ought to be. His hands, long delicate and mobile, are the more in evidence through the shortness of his sleeves. His accent when he speaks is noticeable but his English is excellent.*

Mrs. Granville returns as the Professor comes down R and replaces book in book-case.

MRS. G. (*laughing*).—My dear Professor, I told you I would give you warning when the coast was clear.

PROF.—My dear Madame Granville, to tell the truth, I entirely forgot. I feel sure Madame your friend is too kind to have noticed anything strange. Please do not be concerned on my behalf. After all I am clothed, and that is the principal thing. — (*Mrs. G. looks shocked*) — Is it not? — (*she does not answer so he continues*) — I had finished my book and was coming for another. That is all.

MRS. G. (*busy at the basket*).—I enjoy seeing you read, Professor. It is a treat to have a really literary person in the house.

PROF.—Thanks. It is not often I have time to read so many novels at once! I make the most of it, you see!

MRS. G. (*pausing in her occupation*).—Then literature was *not* your subject at the University?

PROF. (*smiling*).—*Literature*—not *novels*, Madame.

MRS. G. (*drily*).—O. But all our English novelists write so extremely well.

PROF. (*continuing*).—So I feel like a boy out of school.

He turns again to the shelves. Mrs. G. goes L and steps outside the door.

MRS. G. (*calling*).—Violet! Violet!

VOICE (*evidently upstairs*).—Yes, Mother?

MRS. G.—Come down here a moment, and bring down the pajamas. I must tell you something about them.

VOICE.—Yes, mother.

Mrs. G. comes in, pinning on an unbecoming hat at an unbecoming angle. A moment later Violet enters with her arms full of flannel.

VIOLET: *is a sweet young English girl of scarcely twenty. She has a troubled serious little look that is very attractive. She is simply dressed. Her hair is cut in a slight fringe in front, but is otherwise simply done.*

MRS. G.—You brought them all, I hope. Sure you didn't drop any on the stairs?

Violet nods.

MRS. G.—Mrs. Pike tells me the pattern is too small. You haven't cut any yet?—Yes, you have. I told you to make bandages before you did anything else!

VI.—But the bandages are done!

MRS. G.—Well, never mind. Now cut them out on this table,—yours upstairs is far too small,—you can't see what you're doing. — (*she clears space on table C*) — Allow as much as an inch and a half more on all the seams or the poor fellows can't get into them. Not that *that* would matter if they were Germans. It would only do good to give them a good pinch. Or suffocate them!

VI.—Mother!

MRS. G.—SUFFOCATE THEM. I might say, *hang them,* if you prefer. — (*to the Professor*) — I say these things to keep her from being such a molly! She doesn't like to have me say a word against the Germans, but it does seem to me that considering what *they* have *done,* the least one can do is to *talk!*

Violet ceases in her preparations for cutting out.

MRS. G.—Why, what's the matter with the child? Go on with your work. Does your head ache?

VI.—No! Even if it did I should work!

PROF.—Bravo, Mademoiselle!

MRS. G.—All the same your work is lackadaisical,—very! If you could only learn to *hate* properly, you'd get more vim into your work!

VI. (*indignantly: with much vim*).—But I won't! I never will! Even if Parliament goes and passes an act about it!

PROF.—Bra-vo, Mademoiselle!

MRS. G.—Well, Professor, she may be very Christian, but she's not much of a patriot, is she now!

PROF. (*quickly*).—Au contraire—

MRS. G. (*interrupting him*).—I believe in good honest hating in these times, Professor. It gets so much done. I've seen it down at the rooms. Here's Mrs. Pike,—before the war, what did she ever do but gossip? Now, she wants to kill Germans,—and she's one of the best cutters I have! Works night and day.—Violet, I want you to call for me at eleven. If you aren't there then, I shan't wait for you.

She lifts the basket. The Professor rushes to her side.

PROF.—O chère Madame, I cannot allow it—

MRS. G.—Ah no, Professor, not in those clothes—

PROF.—Ah I forget. Well, as far as the gate—? Yes?

He lifts the basket, smilingly, and they carry it between them to the door. They pause on the terrace. Violet, who has been working mechanically, here wipes her eyes, with a furtive glance over her shoulder to see if she is observed.

MRS. G.—Isn't that that airship again?

PROF.—It is gone.

MRS. G.—What would a lone enemy airship be doing here in broad daylight? *Throwing bombs?*

PROF.—Mapping out the country for bombs, more likely. A difficult and dangerous operation.

MRS. G.—O well, I feel perfectly sure our navy would never let it get by.

PROF.—The Zeppelins have, my dear Madame, and they are much larger.

MRS. G.—Ah but not in daylight. No it can't be.—But supposing it did contain a horrid German?

PROF.—You would immediately run for the kitchen carving knife and be ready to cut his throat. — (*gesture*) — Hein?

MRS. G.—I should like to. I suppose if he *were* caught, they would shoot him at once?

PROF.—Only if he offered resistance.

MRS. G.—Why surely they wouldn't leave him at large!

PROF.—They would put him in a detention camp, or lock him in a cell. His confinement would depend largely on the amount of evidence he was foolish enough to wear.

MRS. G.—O I can't believe we could be so lenient.

She starts on.

PROF. (*delaying the onward march*).—Now what would you *really* have done if he tumbled over and over into your garden, while he was passing by?

MRS. G.—O come, Professor Froude, we must go.

PROF. (*squaring himself*).—But really! If he dreadfully cut and scratched himself in that rosebush there.

MRS. G.—But he hasn't. So why discuss it.

PROF.—But if he had?

MRS. G. (*laughing*).—*Put my First Aid lessons in practise, I suppose.*

PROF. (*triumphantly*).—Bien!

He gets under way. They disappear down the path and through the gate with the basket.

Violet here lays her head down among the flannel and begins to cry. She does not hear the Professor until he is inside the room, nor does he see her position until then. He coughs slightly.

VI. (*raising her head and pretending she is working*).—O!

PROF.—Did I startle you, Mademoiselle?

VI.—O no. I — (*she begins to put her work together with nervous hands*) —

PROF.—Don't go, I beg of you. I am not staying. It would be a pity to drive you away from your own table, Mademoiselle. I

am going into the garden again when I have found another novel,—as bad as the last one. That might be difficult, I admit, and may take some time.

He pauses as he passes the table, and picks up a strip of flannel.

PROF.—What is this? The bandage?

VI.—Only flannel.

PROF. (*taking a strip and wrapping it tightly and rapidly about his arm*).—That is enough to stop the circulation of any of our brave men—

VI. (*smiling involuntarily*).—O but that is just what you must try not to do!

PROF.—Now see, crack! the bombe,—er—an artery gives way. Vite, Mademoiselle Violet and her basket of bandages. Un tourniquet. So. — (*he illustrates, assuming the while the expression of faintness caused by supposed loss of blood*) — Vite. Ah, the pencil. — (*takes one from his pocket: puts it into the knot* — He is saved! — (*makes a face of relief*) — Aha! You see I did stop the circulation and saved a life! — (*shrug and characteristic motion of the hands: unwinds the bandage*) — You think I am not serious. — (*he becomes so with an apologetic smile: walks briskly to the book-case and takes down a book*) — Please excuse my levity, Mademoiselle. Time hangs heavy on my hands, and to see you makes the time pass more quickly. — (*Violet looks up a little startled*) —You see I have been used to wishing the days were forty-eight hours long to complete what I had to do. And now I should be glad sometimes if— there were no day at all.

VI. (*with a quick expression of sympathy*).—O Professor Froude, have you had no better news about your house in Belgium?

PROF.—Worse, chère Mademoiselle. The house was completely destroyed. My manuscript with it. The work of twenty years. — (*shrugs*) — N 'importe.

VI. (*pausing and putting down her work*).—O I *am* sorry!

Her voice expresses this amply.

PROF.—Thank you, my dear Mademoiselle. Thank you. — (*looking at her, gravely*) — I only wish I had those twenty years back again. — (*he comes slowly up to the table*) — But on the other hand, if I had them, I would not now have bad lungs, I would have died in a trench, then I could not have written a manuscript—and lost it,—and I could not have known you.

VI. (*faintly*).—O please, Professor Froude.

PROF.—I know. I know. You see, Mademoiselle, I have reached the age of patience. I know now that I must sit by and forbear. And I know also, there are compensations. You will not believe it perhaps, but it has been a great and overwhelming experience to have met *you*. Yes, I mean it.

VI.—But — (*she goes on with the work, terribly embarrassed*) —

PROF.—I have not known many women well, Mademoiselle. I have not lived much in the world. I have come to be glad of this evil chance that has given me great—great happiness.

VI. (*in great distress*).—Professor Froude, I never thought,—I never meant—

PROF. (*kindly: laying his hand on hers*).—Dear Mademoiselle, this is not an offer of marriage. You have been avoiding me. I felt that. And I felt that my attitude should be explained. Penniless, without health, without youth, how could I—? Outcasts have one pride. They are proud of their humiliation. And for that reason I allow myself the privilege of telling you what I feel toward you. I think it can only do good. For no girl as young and beautiful as you—I might say no woman of whatever condition—should be without the knowledge of the feelings she inspires. And so, the only return I ask for what I give, is your confidence. I should like the honor of your friendship.

VI. (*turning with a full heart*).—Thank you, Professor Froude, *thank* you.

Her eyes fill suddenly and she turns away.

PROF.—My child, as I have watched your comings and goings in this house, I have believed that you needed a friend. And when you seemed to avoid me,—I was,—I was very sad, Mademoiselle.

VI.—O I quite misunderstood! Didn't I? O—I *beg* your pardon!

PROF.—Certainly, my child. Well, perhaps it is quite clear now. You will not be afraid in future. If there is one thing I cannot bear—and will not have,—Mademoiselle,— (*affects sternness*) — it is to have you afraid of me. — (*he smiles*) — Now, — (*he sits beside her*) — I am the Doctor. Now. Mademoiselle, — (*professional, with both forefingers in both vest pockets*) — Let me know the symptoms. Yes?

VI. (*half-laughing*).—But I can't tell you. I have no symptoms.

PROF.—What then? Memories. That is it. Memories.

VI. (*startled*).—How did you know?

PROF.—My observation is sympathetically keen, Mademoiselle.

VI.—Mother—do you think she suspects?

PROF. (*leaning forward*).—Nothing, according to the same observation which I repeat is acute.

VI.—O. Then how is it that you—have I said anything?

PROF.—My dear child, not a word. But I regard you—in another way,—that is how I know.

VI.—It is a nightmare to me, lest father and mother should find out.

PROF. (*after a moment*).—May I ask what?

VI.—Then you *don't* know.

PROF.—I merely see that something is preying upon you, my dear child. But which one of the countless millions of troubles from Pandora's box has found a nesting place in your heart, I do not know.

VI.—O. Perhaps I ought not to tell you after all.

PROF.—As you wish, but I merely took the opportunity to let you know I am a most willing audience. — (*he rises*) —

VI.—Professor Froude, I *will* tell you. And perhaps, perhaps you can advise me.—O I am forgetting my work.

She works by fits and starts as she talks. He follows the confession with the utmost sympathetic good breeding. Her feelings are reflected on his face in rapid delicate expressions. Also, he helps but never interrupts her recital with short exclamations.

VI.—You know before the war broke out a year ago, I went to the Continent with our American friends, the Cheevers. We went to Switzerland. It was May, in nineteen fourteen. — (*she sighs*) — How long ago that seems.

PROF.—Hmm.

VI.—We stayed at a pension in a little place where tourists almost never go. And while we were there, a young German—

The Professor slowly nods his head.

VI.—His name was Otto Sieger. He was on a walking-tour with some friends and had a bad blister on his foot. He came to our pension and stayed, to make himself quite fit.

PROF.—Hm.

VI.—You know Americans are very, very different in their ways—very odd. You know I think it rather nice. The Cheevers took Otto into our circle without once *asking his references*,—you know what I mean.

The Professor nods.

VI.—And he was very glad to be adopted, you may be sure. And as the Cheever girls are both engaged and their fiancés were there, why it fell to me to amuse Otto. Mrs. Cheever said it was my *duty*. Just fancy! — (*she smiles*) — So we were together a great deal. O quite nicely. Mrs. Cheever was so very kind. And Otto's foot got well. And he didn't—go back to his friends.

PROF.—Hm, hm, hm.

VI.—He stayed with us, and went on our trips with us. O—so jolly! We were all like one big family. Well, of course, I was with Otto so much,—we—got very well acquainted.

PROF.—Of course. Hm, hm.

VI.—And—we told each other all about—each other.

PROF.—Of *course*.

VI.—His father is a Scientist, very celebrated. In Saxony. Otto was studying for his degree. He was very serious. Mrs. Cheever said I changed that. I—hope—so. But — (*suddenly there is a long pause: she continues in a faint voice*) — He was in the aviation corps, even then. O dear. — (*she puts her face in her hands.*) —

The Professor is sympathetically silent.

VI.—Well,—we—we—loved each other. That's all.

Professor nods, sympathetically.

VI.—And—we were so happy. But you see he had nothing. And I had nothing. And so—we thought—since we had to part, we would neither of us write home.

PROF.—You thought your parents would object,—and his?

VI.—O I don't think so, before the war. We have always had German friends. And Otto and his father,—they had travelled all over the world. It was not having any money that was our trouble.

Professor nods.

VI.—Well, the day came when we had to say good-bye. And—Otto and I wrote to each other every day. Mrs. Cheever may have suspected. But she said nothing very nicely. She might have

written to mother, you know,—but she didn't. She was so used to having young men about her daughters, you see. Americans don't seem to fuss about those things the way we do. And anyway, when we got to Paris, war was declared. And Otto wrote me his last letter, telling me he was with his corps,—we might never meet again.

She puts her face in her hands and cries silently.

The Professor sits quite still and watches her with deep compassion.

VI.—Otto said he would never forget, and if he lived through the war, he was coming for me. And he said no matter what the feeling was between England and Germany, that he and I belonged together. And he meant it. The Germans are that way.

The Professor bows.

VI.—And anyway, *Otto* was that way. And so am I. — (*she turns more and more to the Professor*) — Otto is wonderful. I wish you could know him. He has such a wonderful mind. And such truth. And such loyalty. And so brave. And very tender of me. I don't see *where* people get the idea the Germans are rude and unkind to women.

The Professor longs to smile at the artlessness of this, but refuses to do so.

VI.—He was never anything but lovely and considerate to me. Of course, at first he was shy,—a little *gauche* — (*smiling a little*) — I liked it. But Mrs. Cheever said he simply wasn't used to girls, and she took him in hand in such a nice way. And *very* soon he did just as the others did. They all liked him. He was very amusing, very witty, when he got over his shyness.

She puts her hand in her dress and takes out a small photo.

VI.—There is his picture. How do you like it?

PROF. (*putting on his glasses*).—Yes. Yes. I see. O yes. There's no doubt about it. A very fine young man. Very fine. — (*he gives the picture back to her*) — Very charming, very. I concongratulate you, Mademoiselle. That is a *man.* Many women are not so fortunate.—But, my dear child, why let this prey upon you so? Your mother and father are not dragons. They ought to know.

VI.—It never occurred to me but what they ought,—that is, as soon as I could get home. Really. And then—in the hurry of those

first days—there seemed to be no chance. And then—when our men all went to the front,—the one thing they all vowed,—I don't know how many times I heard it, from all sorts of men,—was that the Huns must be *blotted out*. And the hatred was terrible. I don't understand it yet.

PROF. (*rising and walking about the room*).—But you needn't understand it.

VI.—Mother says such terrible things, sometimes. And in church they pray against our enemies. *O I can't do that.* And the rector has preached on terrible texts. Only fancy—last Sunday it was: "Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me." And the Rector's such a kind man too. *His fad is protecting animals.* And father's one idea is to kill men now. He keeps track of those he *knows* he has killed. I can't—I can't understand. The other girls I know all talk the same way.

PROF.—The other girls haven't had their eyes opened. I repeat, my dear Mademoiselle, you needn't understand this hatred. It is not there. No. We all like and admire each other as before. The obligation to hate is laid on us from above, and it is simply not obeyed. Why when I think of *my* Germans, those that were my friends and are still,—I hate no Germans. I have reason enough to hate the men who have destroyed my town, my home, my work. But — (*his voice becomes terrible*) — I hate anarchy. That is all. And with my dying breath I shall fight it. Anarchy.

He walks toward the wondow and stands looking out.

VI. (*turning and looking after him*).—O I think that is wonderful of you. You! You of all people ought to hate. But you don't! That's what all these people here in this place can't understand.

PROF. (*seriously: almost sternly*).—My dear child, when did an invader last set foot in England? When the Normans came. A thousand years ago. But with us, who have known little else but war, it is our fate. We accept it. Je plie et ne romps pas. C'est tout.

VI.—Then—you do not think I am *wicked* to have kept this from father and mother?

PROF. (*quickly*).—No, no! I see that of course. But between you and me, your mother is not such a good hater as she thinks—

He pauses, suddenly, as a man opens the gate and comes slowly down the path. He is apparently suffering and drops to the bench outside the window with his back toward them.

Violet jumps to her feet.

VI.—Did you see?

PROF. (*quickly*).—Yes, I did.

VI.—Who is he?

PROF.—I can't tell. He seems suffering.

Both are at the window. The Professor starts out.

VI.—O do you think you ought?

PROF.—He acts like a man wounded or fainting. Let me go to him. Stay here, Mademoiselle. Let me see who it is.

He goes out.

VI. (*following: agitated*).—Let me come with you.

PROF. (*preventing her with his arm*).—Perhaps you had best keep back, Mademoiselle.

He closes the garden doors behind him, and is seen approaching the man. He speaks to him gently. The man raises his head. They talk in dumb show.

PROF.—Who are you?

MAN.—What?

PROF.—Who are you?

MAN.—Where am I?

PROF.—In the garden of the house of Madame Granville.

MAN.—Granville.

PROF.—Where did you come from?

MAN.—I am—an aviator. My machine broke down over there.

He puts his face in his hands.

PROF.—Ah. But not English.

MAN.—No. Not English.—I am ready to give myself up.

PROF.—But not till you have refreshed yourself and rested.

The Professor goes back into the house.

PROF. (*to Violet*).—Mademoiselle, this is a German. — (*she starts*) — He has come to grief with his aeroplane. He seems absolutely exhausted. But I cannot see that he is injured. Now what do you think we ought to do? Shall we ask him in?

VI. (*agitated*).—O yes. Of course. At once.

PROF.—Your mother would not object, I know. She told me as much this morning. You know it will be necessary to give him up to the authorities?

VI.—O dear. But not yet. Not yet.

PROF.—Then will you be kind enough to get him some food? A little wine. I think he needs these more than anything else just now.

Violet nods and goes off L.

The Professor goes out to the German, raises him and brings him in and down to the sofa.

The German, who is Otto Sieger, collapses a moment.

OTTO: *is tall, well built, blonde. He is just now deathly pale and haggard. He is dressed in aviator's costume. He has lost his cap.*

PROF. (*bending over him*).—Mademoiselle Granville is bringing you some food.

OT. (*rousing quickly*).—Mademoiselle Granville?

PROF. (*distinctly*).—Yes. Madame Granville's daughter. Mademoiselle Violet.

OT. (*struggling to his feet*).—I must not stay here.

PROF. (*pushing him back*).—She is informed. Sit still.

OT.—Informed?

PROF.—She knows you come from Germany. She has a great feeling of love for Germany. Her mother is away from home just now.

Otto leans back and closes his eyes with a faint groan.

OT. (*after a moment*).—I am going to give myself up.

PROF.—You are among friends, Monsieur. You may be unconcerned. No one witnessed your accident?

OT.—I would have been glad if some one had. However, I got the thing close to the ground, and broke the fall with some trees.

He shuts his eyes.

Violet appears at doorway L with a tray. Professor F. goes to her at once and takes it.

PROF.—Go to him. He is a—friend.

Violet with a wild look of suspicion, goes toward Otto. The Professor comes down C with the tray which he puts on the table. Then he retires quickly to the garden and disappears. Violet goes slowly to Otto who is still sitting with his eyes shut.

VI. (*seeing him and recognizing him: with utter pity*).—Otto!

Otto opens his eyes.

VI.—Otto!

OT. (*rousing*).—You! How did you—how did I—find *you!*

She sits beside him. His hand feels for hers.

VI.—O—Otto — (*her words become inarticulate, as he lays her arms about his neck and draws her close to him. She sobs once. Otherwise they hold each other close and are still.*

VI. (*with sudden recollection: withdrawing*).—You are hurt?

Otto shakes his head.

VI.—How did it happen? How did you get here?

OT. (*after a little hesitation*).—I can't—tell you.

VI.—But, Otto, *why?*

Otto is silent, looking into her eyes.

VI.—Can't I know anything about you?

OT. (*whispering*).—No.

VI.—Or ask how you have lived all these months?

OT. (*whispering*).—No.

VI.—Can't I know *any* thing?

OT.—Only that it is with me as it was a year ago. You—for my life.

Violet hides her head on his shoulder: then raises her face.

VI. (*intensely*).—I have a right to know all that concerns you.

OT.—That would be betraying a trust, if I told you.

VI.—Told *me*, Otto? *Me?*

OT.—Yes. You.

VI.—And you think I cannot keep a secret?

OT.—I do not want you to know something you cannot tell your people. You must not be suspect.

VI.—O I cannot bear it!

OT.—Dearest. When I think how I looked down on this house from the sky — (*he sobs*) —

VI.—Otto!

OT. (*closing his eyes a moment*).—It stands out so plainly on the heath.

Violet looks at him, bewildered.

VI. (*realizing the dangers involved*).—Otto!

OT.—Thank God, thank God for that fall.

They cling to each other, appalled.

OT. (*at last*).—Well, it is as it is. Thank God. I believe this was ordained. I feel you and I will live to the end of this.

VI. (*quietly*).—Otto, I won't ask. I know. I understand.—You are hungry and worn and tired. I shall keep you here. And care for you.

Otto, his eyes never leaving her face, shakes his head.

VI.—Why not?

OT.—I am a prisoner of war,—dearest.

VI. (*agitated again*).—No, Otto, no. I shall hide you. I shall help you escape.

Otto shakes his head again.

VI. (*her face suddenly changing again*).—No.

Otto, half-smiling, nods.

VI. (*whispering*).But it is cruel. I can't. I can't give you up.

Her arms go about his neck again. He holds her close. She cries bitterly.

OT.—Herzchen, weine nicht. Weine nicht, Herzchen. Da wir uns wiedergefunden haben.

VI.—Otto. Must I?

Otto nods.

VI. (*her head bowed*).—Well—I will do—as you say.

OT.—Aren't you glad to see me a little bit? Hein?

VI.—O Otto. I can't *believe* it.

OT.—Neither can I.

His head falls back a little and he closes his eyes an instant.

VI.—Otto, you must eat!

She goes and gets the tray, and holding it on her knees, sits beside him.

VI.—You must eat.—This is very nice.—I will feed you.

Otto opens his eyes and she feeds him.

VI.—Isn't that good?

OT.—Hm. — (*he appreciates it*) — More.

VI.—O not too fast. It's so long since you've had anything. You mustn't eat fast.

OT.—O please.

VI.—Now a little wine. Now only a swallow—

OT. (*drinking*).—O please—

VI.—That's enough. Now a little chicken.—Now a little wine.—Now a little chicken.—Now a little wine.

OT.—O this is starvation.

VI.—I shall put it all away if you're not good.

OT. (*quickly taking another mouthful and draining the glass*).—Do. I'll eat later. Now I want to see you.

Violet puts the tray on the table.

OT.—How long, how long it is!

His arm goes about her as she sits beside him again.

VI.—Ages. Ages. I am so old.

OT. (*amused*).—You. — (*sighs*) — We're both old.

VI. (*bitterly*).—Why did we ever meet?

OT.—Are you sorry?

VI.—Sorry! — (*her face beams with tenderness*) —

OT.—This war has ruined our happiness. But it cannot ruin our love.

VI.—Ah! You feel that don't you!

OT.—Did you doubt it?

VI.—No. But they make me afraid here with their talk of hatred.

OT.—There will never be that between you and me.

VI.—Never.

OT.—And when the war ends, we'll begin again!

VI.—O will that ever be!

OT.—We must have great patience.

VI.—Yes.

OT.—And trust.

VI.—Yes.

OT.—It will end. And the world will be changed.

VI.—O by all this hatred!

OT.—No. Leave the hatred, Violet. Leave it to the old people. We don't believe in hatred.

VI.—No. But what can *we* do,—we all alone against the others who believe in it?

OT.—We must work.

VI.—We will!

OT.—*And be patient.*

VI.—O yes.

OT.—Listen, Violet. There are many things my people have been very slow to learn,—too slow. The other peoples are slow too. And it is only when a lesson is very bitter that it teaches. The world of men moves very slowly. But — (*he bites his lips: his face is contorted for a moment*) — *it is a good world.* You and I are not going to believe it otherwise.

He holds her close.

OT. (*speaking into her ear*).—When they tell you we are *all* butchers and murderers, breakers of treaties, Huns,—when they tell you we have used all ways base and vile to get our ends,—or else that we are fools driven to the slaughter by tyrants,—do you believe them?

VI. (*looking into his face*).—No!—How can I? When I have known *you!*

OT.—Then you know, we, the real Germans, are not fiends? Then you know we are waiting until this madness spends itself? It will. There will be an end. But the generation of our parents will not see it. *It will be young men who will lead our nation.*

VI.—You!

OT.—I hope so. I intend so. I mean to live.

VI.—And I shall wait—no matter how long!

They kiss.

As they separate, the Professor appears at the garden doors and knocks.

Violet rises quickly and goes to the doors.

PROF.—Men are coming along that road. Constabulary.

VI. (*turning*).—Otto.

OT.—I am ready.

The Professor disappears.

OT.—Stay here. I will go and meet them.

He kisses her again.

OT.—We shall meet again. We have our hope. Goodbye.

He goes quietly out at the garden doors.

Violet stands, leaning against the table, with her back to the audience, looking after him.

CURTAIN.

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